VOL. XII April, 1895. No. 8

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EDITOR'S DESK.

THE strange communications that litter the EDITOR'S DESK of a morning, after a particularly heavy mail, show how far the American art of advertising can go in these latter days. This very morning we received an offer of a lot of land, 36 x 95 feet, in Bromide City, Florida, in "close proximity to the mining districts, near the Withlacoochee river, which is navigable, and it is said many wild orange groves grow along the stream"—all for the petty insertion of a column "ad" for a year. We also get many an offer of "a box of cigars" or a "Cyclopedic Library" or "a mineral cabinet" merely for inserting an electrotype plate for a year or more.

The mail, too, almost daily brings us pamphlets from Uncle Sam's various departments. Here lies the Postmaster General's report, finely illustrated with plates of fast mail-steamers and newly invented letter boxes. There lies a pamphlet with colored plates and diagrams, giving careful directions for the suppression of the Gypsy Moth. The Weather Bureau sends us weather maps with intricate isothermal lines and perplexing webs of figures. Consular reports, Church statistics, and various other pamphlets heap themselves up in inextricable confusion.

THE UNITED STATES SHIP ENTERPRISE.

ON SATURDAY morning, April 22, I made my way with a friend to the navy-yard in Charlestown; while on our way to the wharf we met numerous boys with hats bearing the word, "Enterprise." This reminded us that we had several friends among those on board, and we made up our minds to visit them at the dock where a cutter and the ship's dingy were taking in supplies, for the Enterprise was to sail in the afternoon.

The dingy, to our surprise, had for a coxwain a boy whom the week before we had seen handling a gun in the armory of our school. Hailing him, we inquired if we might go on board, and, receiving a favorable reply, we seated ourselves on a barrel of "Spuds" and embarked. Moor, from the "E. H. S.," as coxwain, handled the boat with considerable skill, considering the short time he has been on board; but he hopes that none of his crew will be detailed to carry the Governor on board.

He kindly volunteered to show us the ship, but was ordered away for more supplies. However, he gave us into the hands of "Bobby" Livermore, an ex-B. L. S. man, who showed us the ship in polite style.

He first informed us that the ship was an unprotected cruiser, with full sail, steam power and bark rig. Her length over all is 214 feet, her beam 35 feet, draught 16 feet; she displaces 1375 tons of water. Her engines are compound and are 1200 horse power ones. She is quite fast, going 13 knots an hour easily. Next, he showed us the spar-deck; it was clean and bright as work could make it. The crews on watch were busily engaged in scraping oars and unloading supplies. Each crew is on duty two hours at a time. The spar-deck is the upper one, and is flooded each morning by water from the pumps, and the boys holystone it. I always imagined a holystone was a little round

rock and that the fellows got down on their hands and knees and scrubbed. What was my surprise, therefore, to behold a large block of stone in a case, and having two ropes attached whereby the boys move it. The pilot house is a nicely furnished one and the bridge is on top of it. The quarter decks are on each side near the bow. At the stern the ship carries two rapid fire guns. Next we came to the gun deck; this is also the school-room. It contains four broadside guns and each has a crew of boys who are officered by a 1st. and a 2nd. Gun Capt. These have known how to drill before. There are also a library and piano here. The wardroom and cabins are connected with these, but are forward. The captain's private cabin would do for a parlor in the best houses.

On this deck the boys mess, and it is very easily transformed from a school-room to a dining hall by lowering tables and benches from the ceiling. Next came the berth-deck and galley, or kitchen. Here is where the boys sleep and have their lockers, which are large drawers. Here we were shown one, whence a cap had flown, whose owner said it would probably turn up in the "Lucky-bag."

The boiler room and engines came next and we saw the crew that was detailed there, working with a will. They are taught how to manage the engine. The hold we did not visit. As the dinner bell sounded we went above. On the berth deck the cooks were hurrying with food to the gun deck and the boys were hustling on the spar deck to get in line. The crews, while standing, kept strict military order. Several tardy ones were reprimanded.

While waiting for the boys to come up from dinner we watched the little steam-launch that belongs to the ship and which the boys learn to run.

After dinner we ran across some old friends in the shape of Purman and Bennett ex B. L. S. '97. They told us the rules and regulations of the ship.

We were informed that they had learned to make, trim and reef sail, and were at home in the yards and among the ropes.

The crew numbered 63 boys and 85 men in all and they expect 30 more boys on their return from New York. They have a sick bag which is also the barber shop and one of the students, who is also the ship's apothecary, is barber.

The bathing rooms are six in number and are neatly but plainly furnished.

The boys have a white canvas working suit, an oil skin storm suit and a blue dress suit; they have a peacoat and sweater for cold days and nights. For hats they wear a little skull cap for rigging duty, a common white seaman's cap, a round sailor's hat, and a dress cap, something like the conductor's on a car.

They are commanded by Commander Merry and he has a number of officers under him.

"The Enterprise" is Gov. Russell's flagship and will have one of the best positions in the parade at New York, being marker.

At the beginning of an April shower we desired to leave, but fate was against us and we had to wait in an open boat in the rain some time for the ladies on board to embark.

L. A. S. '96.

A VISIT TO VENICE.

On the first of last August, after a long tedious ride from Milan in the stuffy, box like cars we craned our necks out of the window to catch the first glimpse of the "Bride of the Sea."

In a short time the train crossed a long stone causeway which connects Venice with the mainland, and arrived in the island city at about 6 P. M. We took our luggage out of the station and found ourselves on a broad stone "piazza" as it is called. In front was the Grand Canal, a sort of Venetian Commonwealth Avenue, which twists about like a letter S, and divides the city into two unequal parts. Steps led down to the water and upon these the gondoliers solicited our patronage. We selected two boatsmen and, climbing into the graceful black boats, we were sculled away to our hotel through narrow lanes. When our man came to a corner, he merely shouted some unintelligible words to warn approaching gondolas and with a deft movement of his one oar which he never took out of water swung us around the sharpest turns without touching and soon brought us up to the steps of the Grand Hôtel *ci-devant* New

York. Our baggage was taken to our room which, near the roof, afforded a fine view of the city and the Adriatic beyond.

After a good *table d'hote* dinner we all walked out the back door of the hotel through a narrow alley into one of the streets which was not water and on each side of which there were curious shops. This street led to the Piazza of St. Mark, the largest piece of land in Venice. The square is about as long as the Latin School building and about as wide as the two schools as they stand. It is surrounded on three sides by handsome stores and on the fourth side stands the Church of St. Mark and the Doge's palace.

When we arrived on the scene the square was ablaze with lights and filled with gaily dressed people while in the centre was an excellent band. As we were all rather tired from our long ride we soon returned but had some trouble in finding the passage way to our hotel for so little land is there in Venice that some of the streets scarcely admit the passage of two people abreast. We discovered the alley after a careful search, however, and returned to the hotel.

Next morning, after a violent thunder storm, we walked over to St. Mark's church and went through it. The floor of this edifice is very uneven, settlings having been caused by the very high tides which sometimes covered it to a depth of a foot or more. The church is a most beautiful one, the walls and ceilings being all covered with allegorical paintings representing periods in the lives of different saints. The alters are very fine, one having four alabaster pillars which, though almost six inches in cross section, are transparent as is shown when a match is held behind them. Two of these pillars came from Solomon's temple. After marvelling at the wonderful things, we visited the Doge's Palace and went down into the dungeons below the water, saw the various instruments of torture, and walked nearly across the famous Bridge of Sighs, so called from the story that prisoners in olden times used to walk over it on approaching the chamber of execution. We then went out into the piazza and took a gondola down the Grand canal, beneath the celebrated Rialto, past the buildings that were once the residences of knights and ladies, to the Frari church a vast Italian Gothic structure containing many works of art and a superb monument of gray marble to Titian, besides the impressive tomb of Canova.

After lunch we walked out and saw a couple of wicked looking torpedo boats, a cruiser and a man-of-war anchored in the stream. During the evening there were serenades on the canal in front of the hotel, which sounded much better than do most of our German melody-murdering organizations hovering round a lamp post.

On the following day we all went to he *Accademia delle belle Arti* where we saw many fine paintings, including some of Raphael, Titian and Michael Angelo after which I wandered off by myself, visited two or three churches, crossed the Rialto with its shops on either side, and struck across the city. I got lost several times, but by turning every corner as I came to it, managed to wind my way to the other side of the town.

My extremely limited Italian vocabulary *Dove*, "where?" *subito*, "suddenly" and *Quanto costa questa*, "how much is this?," did not allow me to carry on a very extended conversation with the natives; however, depending on my bump of locality I struck back through another maze of alleys and, repeating my corner-turning policy, finally arrived at the Piazza of St. Mark without adventure. In the afternoon we took the steamer to Lido, a watering place about twenty minutes' ride from Venice. We intended to take a swim but as it was raining we desisted and returned. The usual serenades were in order after *table d'hote* dinner, then we went over to the Piazza and had some ices in the shadow of the Campanile.

Thursday, the fourth, we took a gondola in the morning and visited one of the glass factories for which Venice is noted and, while there saw an exquisite Venetian glass chandelier approach completion. Then returning, we took the steamer a second time to Lido and had a fine sea bath in the blue Adriatic. After a light lunch we returned and while my friend sketched, my cousin and I ascended the square tower of the Campanile which is three hundred twenty-two feet high. From the top, which is

reached by a series of thirty-six inclined planes, we had a fine view of the city, the Adriatic, the Tyrolese peak, and the Istrian Alps. We descended on the double quick and returned to the hotel to pack up. After supper we took a moonlight ride in a gondola. The scene was a beautiful one, the full moon, the distant voices of the serenaders, the silent gondolas gliding about with their twinkling lanterns all made a fitting close to our brief stay in Venice.

E. ex-94.

THE WONDER OF OUR STAGE.

O a roaring melodrama
Was what I went to see.
And a very mellow drama
Was what it provod to be.
Scene, the wild and woolly west,
Paint plains and card-board crags:
And you surely know the rest—
The audience with "jags."
Juggling Jake, the Gila Giant,
Sombrero on his sconce,
Stalks the stage with step defiant,
Nonplussed just for the nonce.
Snoozer Snide, the snuggling snake,
Leads in his Bowie Band,
Soon to make the Juggling Jake
Just hanker for his "sand."
Juggling Jake just chucks the bullets
Amongst the Snoozer's troop,
Cries "You band of bantam pullets,
O now you're in the soup."
And the drums mock thunder thundered,
The sham sheet-lightning glared.
And I really, really wondered,
As the foot-lights redly flared,
What a druling, drunken drama
Was that I'd come to see,
What a shallow, mellow drama
Was that they'd played to me.

THE SCHOOL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

A CROWDED meeting of the SCHOOL EDITORS of Massachusetts was held March 25 in the Quincy House, Boston. A pleasant social chat was held, and the first steps were taken in the formation of a new School Press Association; the following officers were elected:

PRESIDENT, Charles G. Gates, of the *Beacon*, Chelsea.

SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT, Gertrude L. Tilden, of the *Distaff*, Boston.

JUNIOR VICE-PRESIDENT, Roswell P. Angier, of the *E. H. S. Record*, Boston.

SECRETARY, Marion E. Conn, of the *Bugle*, Woburn.

TREASURER, Albert S. Howard, of the *Review*, Lowell.

OFFICIAL ORGAN, *E. H. S. Record*, Boston.

According to the constitution, the object of the association "shall be to promote and support the literary ability of its members and encourage good fellowship among the school papers of Massachusetts."

The REGISTER editors are in full sympathy with the movement, though they were unfortunately obliged to be absent at this preliminary meeting. They are indebted to the High School Record for this account.

The first annual banquet will take place June 2, '93.

BASE BALL.

THE BASE BALL TEAM.

PITCHER—W. H. Rand '94.
CATCHER—J. M. Rogers, '95.
1ST. BASE—D. D. Scannell, '93.
2ND. BASE—W. H. Boodro, '95.
3RD. BASE—A. M. Beale, '93, *captain*.
Short Stop—J. R. McVey, '94.
LEFT FIELD—H. O. Cook, '95.
CENTRE FIELD—M. J. Myers, '93.
RIGHT FIELD—J. W. Edmunds, '94.
Substitutes—C. G. Fitzgerald, '95.
H. Benshimol, '96.

BY THE above list we see that each of the three upper classes has three members on the team There should, therefore, be no lack of enthusiasm at the games.

THE E. H. S. BASE BALL TEAM.

WE THINK the B. L. S. will be somewhat interested in the make-up of the High School Team. For our part we see nothing overwhelming in the following team.

PITCHER—Lamprey.
CATCHER—Lougee.
1ST. BASE—Dakin.
2ND. BASE—Nagle.
3RD. BASE—(undecided)
S. S.—Healy, *captain*.
L. F.—Clarke.
C. F.—Lee
R. F.—(undecided.)

Dakin (1st base) is a brother of last year's E. H. S. pitcher.

The first practice game of the season was played on the Clover field, April 12, with "Tech" '95. Nearly all the candidates for our team were given a trial and most of them showed up fairly well. "Tech" won easily.

BOSTON LATINS, 16; ALLENS, 6.

The Boston Latin team opened its season April 18, at West Newton with a victory over Allen school. The Boston boys did not expect to win, so they feel encouraged.

Rand and Rogers were the battery for Boston Latins and Russell and Cummings for Allens. The fielding on both sides was sharp, but the hitting was rather light. Had Russell been better supported behind the bat, the result might have been closer. Scannell and Joslin fielded well, and Myers hit well.

Below is the score by innings:

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. L. S.	3	0	0	1	2	3	1	4	2	—16
Allens,	1	0	0	0	3	1	0	1	0	— 6

NOTES.

"BREATHING through the nose is the only proper way to sleep."—EXCHANGE.

From this it would appear that the most of us are asleep all the time.

MR. L. R. Lewis, B. L. S. '86, whose appointment to the instructorship in French at Tufts we mentioned some time ago, is now manager of the Ruggles Street Church Choir.

MR. BULLARD, whose musical education has been touched on elsewhere, lately received a first prize of $300 from the New York Conservatory of Music for an original Suite for Orchestra.

Referens annosam ornum, "bringing back an old ash-barrel."

O'Malley and Paul, both old Latin School men, are at the present writing trying for positions on the Freshman crew at Harvard.

"Strange as it may seem, it is almost as hard today to find any man fully equipped in any one profession, as in the old days, when the methods and appliances of education were very few.

"Scholarship should consist in bringing about breadth in the man as well as in the subject; we have been working on the subject, and still the problem remains how to broaden the man." Extract from address made by PRESIDENT TUCKER of DARTMOUTH at an alumni dinner.

About the time when this issue reaches the school, a dozen or fifteen of the present graduating class will be tremblingly awaiting the result of the allotment of College Rooms for next year at Harvard. May good luck attend them!

A volume of last year's and as many issues as have appeared of this year's REGISTER are going to the World's Fair. Volumes of all the school papers in Massachusetts will form a part of her Educational Exhibit.

Frederick Field Bullard, formerly a student at the Boston Latin School, received there his first musical lessons from the late Mr. Eichberg. Bullard went abroad in 1888 and became a pupil of Rheinberger at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Munich. During the last two years of his student life there at least one of his compositions was always performed at the conservatory concerts.

He then went to Paris, where he made a study of the drama and opera. Mr. Bullard's compositions include a symphony, suite, psalm for orchestra, chorus, and soprano solo, songs, pianoforte compositions, etc.

"The bringing into close connection of the preparatory school and the college is a vital thing, and the time is coming when every college will have its own academy. The high schools are not fitting men for college as they should, because that is not what they were meant for." President Harper of Chicago University, as reported in address delivered to Colby Alumni, April 7, '93.

The father of one of our staff is now in Japan and, not long since, sent us a few

TRANSLATIONS.

"quorum pars magna fui."

Unde ille vicus scelerabus appellabus erat, "Whence he was called the wicked one of the village."

Circumstantes, "circumstances."

Equo temere acto, "his horse acting timorously."

AMBITION.

O fan thy spark of sacred fire,
That burns the soul with new desire,
Ambition's bright and glorious flame
To urge thee on to noble fame.

If mountains rise to block thy way,
Remember in the closing day
The sun leaves all in gloom below,
But crowns the height with heavenly glow.

Then quickly mount Ambition's car
And place thy shining mark afar:
You need not nature's gifts of skill,
You need but firm, determined will.

Art thou content to veil thy light
'Mid vapors in oblivion's night
While high upon the roll of fame
There's room for still another name?

Then mark thy course, for none can tell
Who next her mighty throng shall swell;
'Tis not the base and mean alone,
That learn to bend before her throne.

M. S. C. '94

STREET JOEL.

It is not the common misfortune for our part of the world to have anything otherwise than blue and happy skies for the anniversary of the resurrection of the Saviour. But, as an especial favor to a story, let us imagine a real rainy blustering Easter, for, you know a good story must have something a little unusual about the persons or events.

Perhaps the elements, disgusted at being shut out from so many Easters, were retaliating, on the particular Easter which has to do with our story.

Certain it is, however, that the wind blew very hard, hard enough in fact to drive the rain like needles into the faces of the struggling pedestrians and ruffle their spirits and blind them so as to make them very apt to measure their weather-beaten bodies on the pavement.

The wind, tickled, perhaps with his riotous revel, began to wrestle with the corners of the buildings and, howling round them, dash the image of the street lamp, reflected in the puddles in the street, into thousands of little quivers and gleams, flickering as if loath to cease their momentary existence.

On one corner, sheltered but indifferently by two upright boxes, sat a small woman whose occupation it was to supply the sufficiently opulent, with peanuts.

The little wreath of vapor rising from the vent in the peanut-roaster swerved from the north all round the various points of the compass.

"There's a kind o' cuteness in the wind, and quarters is gettin damp. I reck'n its about time to 'vacuate," the woman muttered to herself. "Biz is poor today. Reck'n peoples thin's peanuts bought on Sunday aint good for digestion. I s'pose if Cop 14'd seed me he'd hustled me out, purty rapid."

Her soliloquy was cut short by the appearance of a raggedly clothed form coming round the corner, driven more by the wind than by his own will.

"Street Joel," muttered the peanut woman, "guess he's got a fine jag on tonight."

A glance at the bloated features would have revealed his fondness for the bottle, but the thin gray hairs that straggled from beneath his hat would gain for him that pity which is ever due to age. His hands were in his pockets, and on his arm was a basket covered neatly by a newspaper completely concealing the contents.

However, contrary to the peanut woman's supposition, he was sober; and, pleased and surprised to find herself mistaken in her conjecture, the chilled woman accosted Joel, "Now look yere,—you aint goin' to buy no peanuts,—be ye?"

"You wimmins is allers goin' off so half cocked like. Thet's just what I wuz goin' to do," replied the shrill treble which did not conceal the tremble of age. "I havn't but tew cents, Ann,—s'pose you could gi' me tew cent's wuth?" then sadly, "I'm goin' home to-night."

So Ann measured out the "tew cent's wuth," which her generous hand stretched considerably, as she filled a ten cent bag.

And Joel, warming his cold hands on the heated bag, went on up the street, his whole heart warmed by the little bag.

"Them wuz meant for Will," he said thoughtfully. "I s'pose he'll eat all they is. I wonder

—but, no—that a'nt fair. Still—I'll open the bag, anyhow, and they may feel warmer. D' y' s'pose he'd mind if I took one,—only jest one? I'd pick a small one."

So, weakening at the thought, he slowly shelled one and put in it in his mouth. "I hain't had no din ter-day, but that's just as good. That fust peanut is the soup. Meat orter come next." Peanut number two went. "And then sweets, I s'pose." Peanut number three. "Then coffee an' nuts." Number four. "Thar now, Joel, you've just had a square meal,—so you kin jest shet that bag an' stop. None o' your tribe ever wuz goormands so you needn't be a hog, tew. I declare yure stummik is swelled out jest like a prize pig."

So, reproaching himself, yet much relieved by his gorge of peanuts, and finally pausing before a little basement door in a dirty alley, he knocked timidly.

A pale, worn face answered the summons and the eyes fell as the woman said, "I didn't expect you, Joel."

"Well, Mary, I heard ter-day as how sum one called Christ come back to earth bout this time and as comin' back was in style, I reck'n'd I might come, tew. I brought some peanuts for my little Will. Does he still remember his ole dad?"

A tear only answered the query and Joel went inside to the cold hearth.

"As I wuz bringin' suthin' for Will, I also hev suthin' her for you, Mary, that I picked up in a vacant lot where they wuz startin' a buildin'."

Having deposited his basket on the hearth, Joel took out some pine sticks and built a little fire, and soon the three sat together eating peanuts.

"D'ye s'pose Christ had peanuts when he came back, mommy?" queried the boy.

"I reck'n not," said the old man, "but that's the march of improvement."

S. '96.

HOW JACQUES HELD THE KEEP.

It was a fair morning in the south eastern part of France, in what is now the province of Burgundy, nearly four and a half centuries ago. In that favored quarter of the earth's circumference, the deep blue sky is seldom overcast by clouds, the vineyards and meadows are of a verdant green, and a bright and smiling sun lights up with its gorgeous rays the winding streams, purple hills, and level plains beneath. But not withstanding the calm and beautiful aspect of the landscape, the days when our tale takes place were the rough and dark times of the middle ages, when every man's defence was his sword and every dwelling of importance, a castle.

By the banks of a little stream flowing merrily along over its pebbly bed a youth was briskly making his way. Leathern hosen, a blue jerkin, and a smart bonnet with a bright eagle's feather stuck in it, composed his attire. Upon the youth's breast were embroidered three white roses on a field of gold, while upon his wrist perched a hooded pied-merlin, a species of falcon. A sheathed dagger with a hilt adorned with metal work set off the dress of this well formed young squire-of-the-body, Jacques D'Anvergne by name, and his laughing boyish features and light brown hair gave him an added interest. Throughout the entire landscape there was but one other person in sight, and this human being was the stalwart man-at-arms and retainer Petit-André, called petit in drollery on account of his large and powerful form. Like the squire whom he attended Petit-André's muscular legs were encased in leathern hose, and his broad shoulders in a buff jerkin, or short coat, with emblazoned arms. On his head was a round steel cap, and by his side hung a long heavy sword in a leather sheath.

Our two mediæval friends were both in the service of a powerful, thongh a chivalrous and just baron, for those dark and bloody days of the fifteenth century. But oftentimes those clouds of cruelty, ignorance, and oppression were dispelled and cast aside by the light of some brave and knightly deed, the like of which is now to be told. The Baron du Geren who was the liege lord of our squire and man-at-arms was a vassal of Charles, the Bold, duke of Burgundy, and the lofty towers and battlements of the strong castle of the Baron, were visible in the distance.

Jacques and Petit-André were out hawking as the hooded pied-merlin perched on the squire's arm, would show. Their sport is soon to be resumed, for suddenly a large bird starts up from a thicket near at hand on the outskirts of a wood. The squire was just about to unhood the hawk, when he noticed a glint of steel in the underbrush. Whispering to André, "By our lady, but it seemeth to me I caught the gleam of a morion in yonder bush. Draw thy blade mon petit, and we will see what hides in thickets near the castle of Geren." Jacques drew his poignard and the man-at-arms his sword, and together they advanced into the bush. The object in the bushes seeing there was no chance of further concealment leaped to his feet and dashed off into the close thicket, giving a glimpse of the swarthy features of a German lanzknecht, or spearman. Our two friends pursued but to no purpose, for a minute or two later, Jacques spied him, mounted on a powerful horse break forth from the woods and gallop over the plain. "André!" Jacques exclaimed, "Yonder rascal must be one of La Marck's lanzkenchts and if he hath seen our lord set forth this morning, for a hunt in the woods of Clells, mayhap the knaves will try their hand at the castle, knowing as they do that everything is ill prepared for a sudden attack. We must hasten and reach the castle in time to warn Thieubault the seneschal, and have all ready for the rascals." "Ay, Jacques, thou hast well spoken, let us be off." The two set out at a brisk pace in the direction of the lofty keep and gray walls of the castle, not now, more than a mile and a half distant.

As Jacques had said, the baron and a large retinue were absent on a hunt in the woods of Clells, several leagues distant. Much to our young squire's disgust he had been left behind, together with several castle officers, a half score men-at-arms, and many of the under servants, to look out for the safety of the castle. Unsuspicious of there being foes in the vicinity, Jacques with the faithful André had ventured out for a morning's sport with his falcon. The encounter with the lanzknechts put the squire on his guard, and now the object of our friends was to reach the castle as soon as possible and give the inmates the alarm. This La Marck, whom Jacques mentioned, was a famous leader of German lanzknechts, who took sides in those troublous times, now with one baron or king, now with another, and oftentimes committed many an act of plunder and rapine for the mere love of bloodshed and gain. The two soon quickened their pace into a brisk run, the more so as Jacques bethought himself that Lady Alice, the fair daughter of the baron, and her cousin, the Lady Agnes, had not gone forth on the hunt, but had remained behind in the castle. After a brisk run of several miles the two retainers reached the deep moat surrounding the castle of Geren, and halted breathless and panting upon the edge of the moat, waiting for the ponderous draw to be lowered. Just then the drawbridge was lowered and Jacques and André dashed across and gave the alarm.

Immediately the castle was a scene of bustle and preparation. Men-at-arms hurriedly buckled on their armor, the seneschal appeared in a full suit of mail and directed the preparations, and when the German troopers came up they found the castle rapidly being put in a state of defence, and a lowered portcullis and a raised drawbridge confronting them. In the castle all were working with a will. Men servants, some armed with bills and rusty breastplates, others with axes and swords, poured into the courtyard from different parts of the castle. The women servants, with white faces, helped the men carry baskets of stones upon the walls, and bundles of darts.

The lanzknechts meanwhile had withdrawn out of bow shot, and were constructing scaling ladders out of some straight young trees near by. After Jacques had finished buckling on his armor, the seneschal who had just finished stationing the men along the walk, called to our squire, "Do thou Jacques take post by my side, but if perchance these varlets carry these walls, as they may, with their four score men against my handful of men-at-arms, and a score or so of servants who poorly armed hardly know how to fight, do thou hold the keep.

"Take with you, thy André, Gascon, the warder, and two other men-at-arms, and there, those of us who are left will rally, and fighting for our gracious Ladies Alice and Agnes, hold out until Du Geren returns."

fought on gallantly.

The old seneschal pressed to the front to beat the leader of the assailants back. Jacques would have followed bnt the brave old man whispered: "Speed thee to the stairs, Jacques and fight bravely tor our ladies, for here on the wall, the fight is all against us." Jacques, as yet, had escaped uninjured; bolts had rattled against his mail and deeply dented and scarred it, but the castle armorer well understood his trade and the well made harness had saved the squire from harm. Quickly picking out his men, André and Gascon, the boyish-looking squire, but a brave boy squire who had the strength and bravery of a man, hastened down to the courtyard, then across it up to the keep. A moment more and Jacques was dashing up the narrow winding stair. Up and up he went followed by his retainers, until he emerged from the ill lighted stairway upon a landing at the head of the stairs. Here the Lady Alice, pale, but brave and fearless, met the young squire. In response to her anxious inquiries he told her how the lanzknechts had gained the wall, but he added, "These men-at-arms and I will hold this stair, gracious lady, until every drop of blood be out of our bodies, and that will not straightway come to pass, for the stair is narrow, and we are brave men-at-arms, but pray, lady, that the baron may come."

The squire's voice sounded unnatural, and doubly impressive, coming from the depths of his heavy helmet, as he stood upon the stair in his dented armor and closed vizor. The lady trusted his words and thanked him, then retired to her apartments, and the squire heard her and the Lady Agnes bid their women cease their foolish screams of terror A rush of mailed feet some minutes later made the grim and vaulted arches of the stairway re-echo. Immediately, Pierre, a subordinate officer, two men-at-arms and several retainers in leathern jackets and with bill hooks, dashed up. In a husky voice Pierre exclaimed, "Our good seneschal lies dead upon the wall, and of our gallant men-at-arms you see here all that are left, the rest of the retainers who are not slain have broken and fled for concealment in different parts of the castle. The door at the foot of this stair is bolted but the knaves are close

PART II.

By this time the preparations of the lanz knechts were finished, and they advanced to the attack. By means of their scaling ladders they hoped to surmount the stout walls and battlements A hushed murmur of expectancy went the rounds of the walls. Jacques clad in stout plates of mail, vizor down. and drawn sword, knelt behind a battlement. The young squire longed to win his golden spurs of knighthood. Audrè was by his side. The other defenders were scattered about the walls with bows drawn, ready to pick off the storming party, as soon as they should come within bowshot. The lanzknechts had fully determined to attack, for a part now rushed forward with the ladders shouting their war cry, and the rest covered the attack with flights of arrows. The horses had been left out of bowshot under the charge of several troopers. Immediately the archers on the battlements opened fire, and stones and spears were also hurled down upon the German's heads. But stubbornly the assailants planted their rude ladders, five in number, upon the edge of the moat and raised them against the walls; their comrades meanwhile shooting showers of missiles over the battlements.

The battle waged fierce and bloody, the men-at-arms speeding their shafts at the men raising the ladders. Many an arrow found its mark; but the lanzknechts succeeded in planting their ladders and swarming up. Then the gallant defenders of the castle, even the crowd of ill armed servants, rushed from behind the cover of the massive stone battlements, and hurled all sorts of weapons upon their numerous foes swarming up the ladders. The brave old seneschal with Jacques and several men-at-arms near by hurled one ladder with its living freight into the moat below. The others encouraged by this example, shouting the war cry "Du Geren!" "Du Geren!" hurled two of the remaining ladders over into the moat. But the force on the walls was vastly outnumbered by its assailants, and the foe gained a footing on the wall by means of the two other ladders, and swarmed over the battlements. Their leader, a huge man in black armor, pressed back the defenders, who although sorely diminished in numbers and many of them badly wounded,

upon us." Just then a crash resounded through the stairway, and another rush of mailed feet followed.

With a wild shout a crowd of fierce faces, in hacked and bloody armor dashed up the stair. Jacques, Petit-André, Pierre, Gascon, the four men-at-arms, and the retainers drew up, two abreast, across the narrow stair. Like fierce tigers thirsting for blood, the lanzknechts dashed at the line across the stair. "For our Lady and Du Geren" was the shout of the castle's defenders And what a fight was then, true courage against brute madness; the clashing of swords, the ring of mail, the dull thud when some sword bit through the stout links or plates of steel, the shouts of combatants, the groans of wounded, the heavy falls of the dead.

After a splendid defence, Pierre and the warder were struck down. The four men-at-arms next bore the brunt of the fight until one overreached himself in a powerful thrust, and was cut to pieces, another sank to the stone floor wounded, and the others were forced backward. Then came the opportunity our young squire had longed for, to win his golden spurs, for now it was his turn and the faithful André's to hold the stair. Parrying and thrusting and hacking the two held the foe at bay. Many a lanzknecht rushed up fiercely against the brave young squire and the stout André, only to be met by a flashing sword stroke which cut him down or hurled him backward with its stunning force. But such an unequal fight cannot last. André was the first to fall, bleeding from many wounds, and the assailants gained the landing at the head of the stair. Jacques was forced backward and surrounded by his foes. A powerful blow of a battle axe landing full upon his steel cap, burst its fastenings and with a clang it fell upon the floor, leaving the gallant young squire with defenceless head, in the very midst of his fierce foes.

For a moment the lanzknechts fell back and stood amazed. The young squire still bravely stood his ground, his blue eyes flashing defiance and his light brown hair falling in wavy curls about his head. It seemed to these rough and barbarous men that Jacques must have superhuman power to fight as he had fought. But it was only for a moment. Then with a rush the brave boy was borne down, and the exulting foe were about to give themselves up to pillage and rapine. But hark! A wild cry comes from the robbers on the stairs as the Baron Du Geren and his retainers dashed up and fell upon the lanzknechts.

* * * * * * *

Du Geren had arrived in time to save his castle, the Ladies Alice and Agnes escaped all harm. While hunting the baron had discovered traces of a body of horsemen and hastened home in time to arrive at a most critical moment. But the good Du Geren bewailed the loss of many a stout man-at-arms on that rueful day. The name of the brave boy squire Jacques D'Auvergne ever afterwards held a foremost place among the gallant dead defenders of the castle of Geren. And truly Jacques had done his devoir, and earned his spurs as rightfully as any good knight of the days of chivalry So here ends the tale of a brave and noble deed—one of the many that light up with their heroism the otherwise dark days of the Middle Ages. W. D. '94.

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